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THE
HUMOURS
OF A
COUNTRY ELECTION.



*Being mounted in their Best Array,
Upon a Steed, and, Who but They?
And follow'd with a World of Tall-Lads,
That merry Ditties troll'd, and Ballads,
Did Ride with many a Good-Morrow,
Crying, Hey for our Town, thro' the Burrough,*
HUDIBRASS.



To which are added the following SONGS.

- SONG. I. The TRIMMER.
II. The *Cautious* DRINKER.
III. The GOOD-FELLOW.
IV. The *Jovial* DRINKER.
V. The *Cæstial* BANQUET.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford-Arms*
in *Warwick-Lane.*

MDCCXXXIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY ELECTION

They mounted in their best array,
Upon a Steed, and who in Vain
And follow'd with a Word of Law,
That every Justice should be
Did Ride round with a
Cry, Hey for our Town, the Borough,
Hundred.

X 1609/2478

To which are added the following Songs.

- SONG I. THE TRIMMER.
- SONG II. THE COUNTRY DRINKER.
- SONG III. THE GOOD-FELLOW.
- SONG IV. THE TOWN DRINKER.
- SONG V. THE COUNTRY BAKER.

LONDON:
Printed by J. R. in W. Lane.
MDCCLXXIII.





THE
HUMOURS
OF A
COUNTRY ELECTION.



At the Time of the Year when the
Citizens Wives

Do flock to the Wells, to preserve
their dear Lives

With Purgative Salts, to force them to - - - - -

And make their Receptacles sweeter for Kissing.

When

~~When their Buff-colour'd Daughters kept a great~~
 Pother,

By Urine, to whiten themselves with their Mothers.

Whilst their Hornify'd Fathers, who love to be
 stirring,

Were mounted on Kephills, with Whipping and
 Spurring ;

As fierce as *Knight-Errants* ; for none can be
 bolder,

Than he that's entitl'd to be a *Freeholder* ;

Whilst trotting they were to Countries respective,

To give in their Votes for the *Members Elective*,
 I, at that Time, did take an Occasion

To trudge to a Town in the *West* of our Nation,
 For better Sound-sake, it is call'd *Corporation* :

Then cocking my Beaver, I boldly did venture

To a fine noble Inn, in the great Market's Centre

I call'd to the Drawer, for Bread and for Cheese

Who answering, said, " You may have what you
 please :

" I believe



" I believe, by your Garb, you're a Gentleman

" *bréd, bid never I never Company into*

" So I'll tell you the Truth, and no more's to

" be said :

" Here's *Chickens*, and *Rabbits*, and a delicate

" *Dish*

" Of *Ven'son* that's roasted, and all Sorts of *Fish*;

" *Beer* by whole Tuns, and *Wine* that will fox ye,

" Drink, if you please, until you are Bosky :

" Sir *John*, and his *Worship* are pleas'd this Day,

" To treat all that come, and they nothing must

" Pay.

Is it so then? said I, since all Things are *gratis*,

I'll stuff out my *Wem*, my *Paunch* shall have *satis* ;

The Drawer I took at first for a *Jester*,

Yet, nevertheless, I tipp'd him a *Tester* :

He smilingly took it, and usher'd me in

To a Gluttonous Place, a Room full of Sin :

SUCH

S u c h Company sure I never did sell in ;

His Worship the *Mayor*, was a *Weaver* by Calling;

I thought him a *Lawyer*, he kept such a Bawling.)

The *Aldermen* sat most demurely to hear.

What the Oracle spoke from the *Worshipful* Chair.

"But by whole Tunes, and it is that will for ye."

SAYS he, "This Zur Jobu is a well-spoken
"Mon,

"As onny i'th' Country, deny it who cōn ;

"He's woundily witty: They zay, he did tauk,

“ In the *Parliament-House*, about *Taxing* of *Chauk*

" And if it be zo ; then Neighbours, we must

" Ne'er buy onny *Chauk*, nor give onny *Trust*."

"Then Trading will mend; God bless him who
"spoke on't;

"But there is some others, they say, make a joke on't."

"They

2003

" They zay, he's *Low-Church*, let um zay what
" they please,

" He's an honest good Mon; their Tongues
" will ne'er cease,

" Till they're brought before me, I'm a *Justice*
" of *Peace*.

" That's true, honest Brother, quoth *Alderman*
" *SNOB*,

" Zome People they equalize would us with *Job* :

" Let me tell ye, dear Brethren, it is my Zuppinion,

" There's Reason in roasting an *Egg*, or an *Onion* :

" Then who would not give their Voices for zuch
" Men,

" As are true to the *King*, and woundy good
" *Church-Men* ?

" I love not those Men that do church it on *Zunday*,

" And, *Hypocrite*-like, to a *Bawdy-House* on *Monday*.

" No, no, nor I, quoth *Alderman TANNER*,

" *Zatan* hath listd fuch under his Banner.

B

" Let

" Let me tell ye, there's zome about the great
" Zitty

Of *London* are wicked, the more is the Pitty :

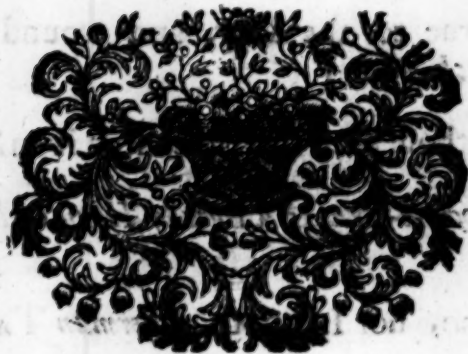
" Here's a Health to Zur *John*, 'chill gulge it,
" however,

" And his Worship the 'Squire, we'll put 'um
" together

" May they live, may they thrive, and prof-
" per for ever.

" Bravely perform'd, says the *Clerk* of the
" Town,

" I'll pledge it myself, though it flies in my
" Crown.





The CLERK sings.

WITH a Bumper in my Hand,
And my Knee to the Ground,
And so let this Health
Go merrily round.

II.

*These are the Men,
That made us Good Laws;
And such Men as these
Shall have our Applause.*

III.

*Long Live the 'Squire,
And likewise Zur John;
Drink about their Healths,
Toss the Glass ev'ry one.*

IV.

*Follow me, follow me,
Do as I have done,
'Till Wine makes our Vases
Shine like the Sun.*

THE Glasses went round from one to another,
 With four in a Hand, and made such a Pother,
 They with Smoaking and Drinking their Senses
 did smother.

THEN the Worshipful *Mayor* took me by the
 Hand,
 Saying, "Zur, I presume, and do understand,
 " That you are a Stranger; pray do not refuse,
 " At our Request, to tell us some News.

Excuse me, quoth I, We won't, says a
Thatcher;
 Uds-zooks, we must have it, says *Stitch-up* the
Patcher.

Why then, quoth I, to the ignorant Crew,
 I read in a Paper, 'tis some Time ago,
 That the *Muses* were fled, and all of them gone
 To dwell at *Parnassus*, and drink *Hellicon* :

I likewise did read it was five Hours Journey
From *Tournay* to *Lisle*, and from *Lisle* unto *Tournay*;

And what was more strange, the *Scheld* and the
Lis

Were both seen in *Ghent*, and each other did
kiss;

And a Party of Horse were seen to come over
By the Help of Cork-Shoes, from *Dunkirk* to
Dover;

And that the *Egyptians* were likely to spoil us,
By stopping with Pan-Cakes the River of *Nilus*;
And that other strange News the same Courier
brought,

How that Jackets and Red-Coats were Forty a
Groat :

All this I affirm'd, but had like to've forgot,
Of a cursed Design, they talk'd of a Plot :
Beneath *London-Bridge*, they say, there was
found

Ten Barrels of Oat-Meal, hid close in the
Ground,

With

With a Match that was burning, to blow up together

The *Bridge*, and the *Monument*, G O D knows whither.

“ D E A R Zut, quoth the Mayor, what Mind
“ were they got in ?

“ A Parcel of Rogues, they’ll be hang’d for
“ their Plotting :

“ Besides, let me tell ye, it is of Concern,

“ If the Bridge is blown up, the Houses will
“ burn.

“ Plotters, Destroyers, the Devil may rot um,

“ They’ll fire the Wool-Sacks that lie at the
“ Bottom.

T H E N went a Health round to his Worship’s
good Lady,

To the ’Squire his Son, that pretty sweet Baby ;

Which done, they soon started another Discourse,

Concerning Cork-Shoes, and a Party of Horse ;

But

But the *Vicar* approach'd in Canonical Robe,
 Tatter'd and ragged, an Emblem of *Job* ;
 He led on the Van of a mighty great Train
 Of *Aldermens Wives* that were hot in the Brain ;
 To bring up the Rear the *Mayorsess* came after,
 For she halted some Time to scatter her Wa-
 ter ;
 No more of Cork-Shooes; this ended the Mat-
 ter.

Thus the *Vicar* began with Learned Oration,
 To state out the Case of the *Church* and the *Na-
 tion* :

" I never like Men which carry Two Faces ;
 " They're like unto Mules, half Horses, half
 " Affes ;
 " They're *Heterogenus*, and unfit to breed on,
 " Nor worthy the Meat or Drink that they
 " feed on ;
 " Or like *London Scullers*, the more is the Pitty,
 " That look at *Whitehall*, and row to the City :

" And

- " And must such Men as these I mention be cho-
" sen,
- " Whose Hearts are a melting, and whose Tongues
" are frozen ;
- " Decrepid and Old, their Vigour is gone :
- " What say you, good Women, are you for
" Sir *John* ?
- " Or his Worship the 'Squire, who broke his
" Wife's Nose,
- " And abandons her Bed, and will buy her no
" Cloaths ;
- " Nay, he beat his Cook-Maid for Kissing in
" Lent ;
- " Shall Sir *John*, or the 'Squire, to *London* be
" sent ?
- " I advise the contrary, and so does my *Clerk*,
- " And our Neighbour the *Farmer* that dwells
" in the Park.
- " What think ye of choosing Sir *Christopher*
" *Prim* ?
- " He's a proper young Man, give your Voices
" for him,
- " And

" And Sir *Pimlico Court-all*; to tell you the

" Truth,

" He's a Noble, a Sprightly, and Generous

" Youth :

" So he is, says a Woman, upon my dear Life,

" Tho' I am but poor, and a *Cobler's* Wife,

" As he pass'd down the Street, tho' I thought

" he had mist me,

" He smilingly came, and obligingly kist
me :

" He always has been to my Husband a Friend,

" He sent him an old Pair of Boots for to mend ;

" And the very first Time he came to the Town,

" For a Pair of Heel-Pieces he gave him a

" Crown ;

" For which very Reason you well may suppose

" I'll do what I can that he may be chose ;

" And curse of all them that do him oppose. }

THEN Mrs. *May'refs* did take an Occasion
To belch forth, with Hiccups, her Female
" Oration :

C

" Neigh-

" Neighbour *Jordan*, said she, I plainly do tell
" ye,

" My Husband one Time kick'd me on the
" Belly ;

" Because I avow'd that Sir *Pimlico Prim*

" Was a generous Gentleman, gallant and trim :

" I suppose that his Worship, my *Lie-by*, is jea-
" lous,

" Because that he catch'd him with me at an
" Ale-house :

" Be it so, be it not, I care not a Fart,

" He shall give him his Vote, or I'll tear out
" his Heart.

THUS Alderman *Pinch-Belly's* Wife did be-
gin

To give her Advice, first cocking her Chin ;

" Neighbours, said she, then clinching her Fist,

" They're gallant young Gentlemen zure as e're
" pift :

" Sir

" Sir *John*, and the 'Squire, zure never shall
" have

" A good Word from me; nor the Vote of my
" Slave

" If Fumbling Wife-Beaters to *London* are sent,

" For Want of Young-Men, then I'll be con-
" tent

" That my Husband be chose; his Qualifica-
" tion,

" And Title's as good as most in the Nation.

THE Women then swore by the Truncheon
of *Mars*,

" That if any old Cuckold should hold back
" an Arse,

" And not give his Vote for such gallant young
" Men,

" That could pleasure the Women again and
" agen,

" They'd drub the old Hides of such Cuckold-
" ly Coxcombs,

" Make Scoops of their Shanks, like those
made of Ox-Bones;

" Bore Holes in their Skulls, and cut off their
" Tales,

" And turn them adrift to the Mountains of
" Wales.

SAYS the Worshipful *Mayor*, and Alderman
Tanner ;

" Rather than treated we'll be in this Manner,

" To keep our Skins whole, and preserve our
" dear Lives,

" We both will submit, and agree with our
" Wives :

The rest said the same, and swore they would
do it ;

A M E N, says the *Clerk* and *Vicar* unto it.

And now nothing remains but to make ourselves
mellow,

And join in a Song to the *Careless Good-Fellow*.





T H B

Careless GOOD-FELLOW.

I.

A Pox of this Fooling, and Plotting of late,
What a Potber and Stir has it kept in the
State ?

*Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions and Fears,
Let them scuffle and jar, 'till they go by the Ears :
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at Quiet.*

II.

*What Coxcombs were those who would barter their
Ease,*

*And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Waser and
Mafs ?*

*At Old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their
King :*

*A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design ;
He has no Room for Treason, that is Top-full of
Wine.*

III. I mind

III.

*I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws;
 Let them Sit or Prorogue as his Majesty please;
 Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
 At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have Wine:
 Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
 To blame them for making my Claret so dear.*

IV.

*I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
 About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
 We've a good King already; and he deserves Laughter
 That will trouble his Head with who shall be after:
 Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
 As free from all Care and Trouble as we.*





THE
TRIMMER.

PRAY lend me an Ear, if you've any to spare,
You that love Common-wealth as you hate
Common-Prayer,

That can in a Breath, Pray, Dissemble and Swear,
Which No-body can deny.

I'm first on the wrong Side, and then on the Right;
To Day I'm a Jack, and To-morrow a — mite;
I for either King pray, but for neither dare fight.

Which No-body can deny.

Sometimes

*Sometimes I'm a Rebel, sometimes I'm a Saint ;
Sometimes I can preach, at other Times cant ;
There is nothing but Grace, I thank God that I
want.*

Which No-body can deny.

*Old Babylon's Whore I cannot endure her,
I'm a sanctify'd Saint, there's none can be purer ;
For Swearing I hate like any Non-juror.*

Which No-body can deny.

*Precisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
Where sighing I sit, and such sorrowful Greeting,
Makes me hate a long Prayer, and two Hours
Prating.*

Which No-body can deny.

*And then I sing Psalms as if never weary ;
Yet I must confesse, when I'm frolick and merry,
More Musick I find in, A Boat to the Ferry.*

Which No-body can deny.

I can

I can pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink
round ;

I can say, Heavens bless ; or, The Devil confound ;

I can hold with the Hare, and run with the
Hound.

Which No-body, &c.

I can pray for a Bishop, and curse an Arch-
Deacon ;

I can seem very sorry when any Town's taken ;

I can say any Thing to save my own Bacon.

Which No-body, &c.

The Times are so ticklish, I vow and protest,

I know not which Party or Cause to embrace ;

I'll side with those to be sure that are least in
Distress.

Which No-body, &c.

D

With

*With the Jacks, I rejoic'd that Savoy was de-
feated;*

*With the Whigs, I seem'd pleas'd he so bravely
retreated;*

Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated.

Which No-body, &c.

*Each Party, you see, is thus full of great Hope,
There are some for the Devil, and some for the Pope,
And I am for any Thing, but for a Rope.*

Which No-body can deny.]



The



T H E
Cautious D R I N K E R.

MY Masters and Friends, who ever in-
tends

To trouble this Room with Discourse;

You that sit by, are as guilty as I,

Be your Talk the better or worse.

Now least you should prate of Matters of State,

Or any else that might hurt us;

We rather will drink off our Caps to the Frink,

And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

SUPPOSE you speak clean from the Matter
you mean,

That's not a Pin here nor there ;

Yet take this Advice, be both merry and wise,

You know not, what Creatures be near :

Or suppose that some Sot should lurk in the Pot,

To scatter out Words that may hurt us ;

To free that same Doubt, we'll see all the Pot
out,

And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

If any Man be in bodily Fear

Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak ;

Here's Armour of Proof shall keep her aloof ;

Here's Liquor will make a Man speak :

Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,

Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,

Let him drink once or twice, of this *Helicon* Juice,

And then he shall speak to the Purpose.

He that rails at the Times, in Prose or in
Rhimes,

Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon,
Sings Prophecies strange, and threatens some
Change,

And hangs them upon the Queen's Tomb:
He is but a Railer, or prophecying Taylor,
To scatter out Words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no Matches, but drink and sing
Catches,

And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

It is a mad Zeal for a Man to reveal,
His secret Thoughts when he bouscs;
He is but a Widgeon that talks of Religion
In Taverns or in Tipling Houses:

It is not for us such Things to discourse,
Let's talk of nothing that may hurt us;
But let's begin a new Health to our King,
And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

AMIDST

AMIDST our Bliss, 'twill not be amiss,

To talk of our going home late ;

If Constable *Kite*, or a Piss-pot at Night,

Should chance to be spilt on our Pate ;

It were all in vain to rage or complain,

Or scatter out Words that might hurt us ;

'Twere better to trudge home to honest kind *Joan*,

And then we shall speak to the Purpose.





THE
GOOD-FELLOW.

ALL Hail to the Days that merit more
Praise,

Then all the rest of the Year ;

And welcome the Nights that bring Delights,

As well to the Poor as the Peer.

Good Fortune attend each merry Man's Friend,

That doth but the best he may ;

Forgetting old Wrong, with a Cup or a Song,

To drive the cold Winter away,

To drive, &c.

LET

LET Misery pack with a Whip at his Back,
Down to the *Tartarian* Flood ;

In *Lethe* profound, let Envy be drown'd,
That pines at another Man's Good :

Let Sorrow's Expence, come a thousand Years
hence,

All Payments have great Delay.

And spend the long Nights, in honest Delights,
To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

THE Court in its State, sets open the Gate,
And gives free Welcome to most ;

The City likewise, tho' something precise,
Yet willingly parts with their Roast :

But yet by Report, from City and Court,
The Country gets the Day ;

More Liquor is spent with better Content,
To drive the cold Winter away,

To drive, &c.

THE

THE Gentry there, for Cost do not spare,

The Yeomanry fast not till *Lent* :

The Farmers and such, think nothing too much,

So they keep but to pay for their Rent :

The Poorest of all do merrily call,

When at a fit Place they stay,

For a Song or a Tale, or a Cup of good Ale,

To drive the cold Winter away,

To drive, &c.

'Tis ill for a Mind to Evil inclin'd,

To think of small Injuries now ;

If Wrath be to seek, do not let her thy Cheek,

Nor yet to inhabit thy Brow.

Cross out of thy Books all Mal-content Looks,

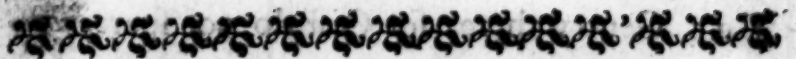
Let Beauty and Youth decay,

And wholly concert with Mirth and with Sport,

To drive the cold Winter away,

To drive, &c.

E T H E



The JOVIAL DRINKER.

A POX on those Fools,
Who exclaim against Wine,

And fly the dear Sweets,

That the Bottle doth bring ;

It heightens the Fancy,

The Wit does refine ;

And he that was first drunk,

Was made the first King.

By the Help of good *Claret*,

Old Age becomes Youth,

And sick Men still find

This the only Physician ;

Drink largely you'll know

By Experience the Truth,

That he that drinks most

Is the best Politician.

To

To Victory this leads on
The brave Cavalier,
And makes all the Terrors
Of War but Delight :

This flushes his Courage,
And beats off base Fear ;
'Twas this that taught *Caesar*
And *Pompey* to fight.

2 This supports all our Friends,
And knocks down our Foes ;
This makes us all Loyal,
From Courtier to Clown :
Like *Dutchmen* from Brandy,
From this our Strength grows,
So 'tis Wine, Noble Wine,
That's a Friend to the Crown.



THE
Cœlestial BANQUET.

OR,

The GODS and GODDESSES drinking of PUNCH.

THE Gods and the Goddesses lately did
feast,

Where *Ambrosia* with exquisite Sauces was dress'd,

The Edibles did with their Qualities suit,

But what they should drink did occasion Dis-
pute :

'Twas Time that old *Nectar* should grow out of
Fashion,

For that they had drank long before the Creation.

WHEN

WHEN the Sky-colour'd Cloth was remov'd
 from the Board,
 For the Chryftalline Bowl great *Jove* gave the
 Word,
 This Bowl was of large and moſt Heavenly Size,
 In which they did uſe Infant Gods to baptize.
 Quoth *Jove*, We're inform'd they drink *Punch*
 upon Earth,
 By which mortal *Wights* quite outdo us in Mirth:
 Therefore our wiſe Godheads together let's lay,
 And endeavour to make it much ſtronger than
 they.
 'Twas ſpoke like a God — Fill the Bowl to the
 Top,
 He's caſhier'd from the Sky that ſhall leave but
 a Drop.

APOLLO diſpatch'd away one of his Laffes,
 A Pitcher to fill at the Well of *Parnaffus*;
 To Poets new-born this Liquor is brought,
 And this they ſuck in for their firſt Morning's
 Draught.

JUNO for Limons sent into her Closet,
 Which when she was sick she infus'd into
 Posset :
 For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gyp-
 sies,
 The Sun and the Moon, we find, have their
 Eclipses :
 These Limons were call'd the *Hesperian* Fruit,
 When vigilant Dragon was set to look to't ;
 Three Dozen of those were well squeez'd into
 Water,
 The rest o' th' Ingredients in Order came af-
 ter.

 VENUS, the Admirer of Things that are
 sweet,
 Without whose Infusion there had been no
 Treat,
 Commanded two Sugar-Loaves, white as her
 Doves,
 Supported to the Table by a Pair of young
 Loves ;

So

So wonderful curious these Deities were,
The Sugar they strain'd through a Sieve of fine
Hair.

BACCHUS gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,
Without his Assistance there could be no *Punch*;
What he meant by the Signal was very well
known,

So they threw in two Gallons of trusty *Langoon*.

MARS, a blunt God, who car'd not for Dis-
course,

Was seated at Table, still twirling his Whiskers,
Quoth he, Fellow-Gods, and Coelestial Gallants,
I'd not give a Fart for your *Punch* without *Nantz*,
Therefore, my Boy *Ganymede*, I do command ye
To throw in at least two Gallons of Brandy.

SATURN, who of all the Gods was the oldest,
And we may imagine his Stomach was coldest ;

He

He out of his Pouch did three Nutmegs produce,
Which when they were grated, were put to the
Juice.

NEPTUNE this Ocean of Liquor did crown,
With a Sea-Bisket bak'd very hard by the Sun.

THE Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began,
Quoth JOVE, Let it be to our Creature call'd
Man;

'Tis to him alone that these Pleasures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

F I N I S.



